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STOCKWELL GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

### STOCKWELL GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

Among the beneficial consequences which have already resulted from the founding of the London University and King's College, is the establishment of various smaller schools for junior classes, in the immediate vicinity of the metropolis. These schools are aids to the prime object of the University and College, which bring the means of education for the youth of London within the reach of their homes, and combine the advantages which the best qualified teachers can give to a public school, with residence under the parental roof. The smaller schools referred to are, like the larger, proprietary; and of these one of the most interesting as a building, as well as one of the best fitted to its purpose, is that at Stockwell, in Park Road, Clapham Road. For the above reasons, the present school has been selected as an example of its class, in the excellent digest of Public Improvements, in the *Companion to the Almanac* for the present year; to which work we are indebted for the accompanying Engraving and details.

The Committee of the Stockwell School advertised for designs, and had the good sense to prefer and carry into execution one by Mr. J. Davies, the architect of Highbury College. As the annexed elevation indicates, the building consists of a centre and two wings, extending in front to a length of 94 feet. The lower range in front contains an open arcade or corridor; and a vestibule or ante-room to the school-room, which latter is within the lofty central part. This school-room is 50 feet long, 26 feet wide, and 24 feet high in the centre, and is capable of accommodating 100 boys. The masters' desks, and the forms for the boys are omitted in the interior view at page 8, to give better effect to the well-proportioned room.

The style of the composition is pointed, or what is commonly, but improperly, termed Gothic. The handsome window, which decorates the centre of the elevation externally, lights the school-room within; whilst smaller, lateral windows serve to ventilate it, and aid in diffusing the light more equally. The ceiling corresponds in style with the general design, as the view of the interior indicates, and the fittings are in appropriate taste.

The right-hand wing contains a class-room, 21 feet by 15, and a small room beyond it, for the use of the head-master, or for a library; whilst, in the left wing, there is a class-room, similar to the former, fitted up with cases for philosophical apparatus, &c.; and beyond it again, opening upon the corridor, is the porter's lodge.

Reverting to the exterior, it will be perceived, that the upper part of the centre is somewhat similar in composition to the front of Westminster Hall, with flanking

towers, and a pinnaced turret, rising out of the apex of the gable. The *Companion* critic considers the details of this turret to be hardly rich enough to surmount the tabernacle between it and the great window; adding that the enriched tabernacle might have been spared, and its decorations applied to the former with some advantage to the whole. The rest of the exterior is quite collegiate in its character, and in the more prominent parts is faced with Bath stone, in which the decorations too, are worked.

It is gratifying to add, that the writer learnt from the Report of the Committee to the Proprietary, that the building, with the desks and furniture, and the inclosing and laying out the ground, cost altogether but 1,658*l*. Recollecting that "considerable architectural effect, and even some little display, guided by much good taste, have been effected and applied in the work, the economy is wonderful."

Among the other similar establishments to this at Stockwell, are two at Hackney, one at Islington, one at Mile End, one at Blackheath, one at Pimlico, and one at Chelsea, besides three or four others in different parts of the suburbs; some of which have buildings erected for the purpose, and some are mere adaptations of common houses.

### NEW INVENTIONS FOR 1835.

I HAVE some glorious inventions for 1835, far surpassing any that have been hitherto offered to the world; and if they do not acquire for me universal and immortal fame, then, indeed, by Jingo, there is no such thing as gratitude in existence.

First—To proceed to describe my forthcoming novelties. I have invented a large, hollow conveyance, shaped like a humming-top, and possessing every accommodation for passengers. It is necessary to its travelling that its road shall be circular and smooth. Supposing then, that one of these conveyances shall constantly travel from London to Edinburgh; it will be necessary to have a circular railway communicating with these cities. The conveyance being placed on the railway, and supported upon its apex, a long and strong strap is to be wound round it, and then by means of certain apparatus to be forcibly unwound, the consequence of which will be that the impetus given to it, will make the carriage, as the humming-top does under like circumstances, revolve with rapidity on its circular journey. Its quick rotatory motion will be found very agreeable and composing to the passengers, who will have a more extensive view of the country than they would from the common vehicles that now run to London and Edinburgh. The grand superiority of this invention is its great celerity; for it is well known that a

revolving body describing a circle goes with inconceivable speed. It possesses numerous other advantages, for passengers will never be in terror of the breaking of springs, axletrees, or the falling of horses, or the bursting of steam-boilers, as it has neither.

Secondly—I have invented a plan for crossing channels, rivers, &c. in a direct course, in an exceedingly short space of time, and quite independent of the water. A wooden conveyance is placed upon a powerful spring fixed at the water-side, and this spring has a tendency to maintain an erect position, which it is, previous to starting, prevented from maintaining by an overpowering force. As soon as all is ready, however, the spring is released from all restraint, it flies upwards, and in so doing, it throws its burden to the other side of the channel.

Thirdly—An iron ring is to encircle the earth without being fixed to it, so that the latter may revolve upon its axis within the former, as the student's globe does within the brazen meridian. Now, as the earth completes one revolution on its axis in four and twenty hours, how soon, by this invention, a man may get into another country, for he need only jump up upon the iron ring, and there wait till the earth by its revolution has brought the place beneath his feet, when down he jumps upon the foreign land!

Fourthly—An optical instrument to see through rocks, stone-walls, and, in short, through *every thing*; the result of which astonishing power will be that you will see—what?—why *nothing*. \*F.

#### SONNET TO ITALY.

WRITTEN AFTER VIEWING A SERIES OF SKETCHES MADE THERE.

LAND of the Summer! to thy sunny shore  
My wayward fancy oftentimes will rove;  
Sail o'er thy blue streams, wander in the grove  
Where thine own gifted Tasso used to pour  
Soft, sweet, and holy melody—delightful lore!—  
Or, resting in his cave, with Petrarch prove  
The wild, the madd'ning throes of forlorn love,  
As listening to Vaucluse's fountain roar.  
Still, tho' thy skies be gentle,—breezes bland,  
And Nature views thee with her kindest smile,  
Far dearer yet I love my own cold Isle,  
My native Albion! ah, my Fathers' land:  
Braving on every side the lashing sea,  
The laud of Shakspeare, Byron, and the Free!  
Sturminster. COLBOURNE.

#### THE AUTHOR OF DR. SYNTAX.

(To the Editor.)

OBSERVING at page 106 of the *Mirror*, vol. xxiv., your note respecting Mr. Combe, and his projected piece of posthumous autobiography, I beg to inclose you the following anecdote, which may explain why such a work did not appear.

“Mr. Combe, the author of *Dr. Syntax*, &c. adopted a young man, educated him as his son, and, by way of fortune, intended to leave him all his MSS., aware that their

publication would bring him in a considerable sum. The youth, however, offended his patron deeply by falling in love with, and marrying, a daughter of the famous Olivia Serres,—soi-disant Princess Olive of Cumberland; and from that moment Mr. Combe resolved to disinherit him. With this intent, he made up his mind to burn all his manuscripts, and for a whole week previously to his decease, the candle he employed in this conflagration was never extinguished.”

This anecdote I give, as it was some time since detailed to me, by one of Mr. Combe's acquaintances, who well knew him; and I have only further to remark that it involves a curious question: since Princess Olive's decease, an advertisement has appeared in the *Times* newspaper, inviting her daughter to view, while yet above ground, the remains of her beloved mother: but, lo! after the lapse of a few days, a young man presented himself at one of the police offices, and noticing this advertisement, begged to assure the worthy magistrate presiding, that the Princess Olive, his mother, never had a daughter!

M. L. B.

#### THE FIRST SAVINGS' BANK.

SAVINGS' BANKS bespeak the habits of the English people more plainly than a whole volume that could be written upon their character. Their origin was humble, indeed, and their progress has been slow but sure and steady. The former may be traced to Friendly Societies, and the operations of a society for bettering the condition of the poor. From one of the reports of this society, it appears that in the year 1799, or five-and-thirty years since, the Rev. Joseph Smith, at Wendover, Bucks, and two of his parishioners, circulated among their industrious neighbours, proposals offering to receive from the men, women, and children, of the parish, any sum, from twopence upwards, every Sunday evening during the summer months; to keep an exact account of the sums deposited; and to repay to each individual at Christmas the amount of his deposit, with the addition of one-third to the whole, as a bounty for his economy. It was expressly and wisely stipulated, that the depositors might receive back the sums respectively due to them at any time before Christmas on demand, and that the fruit of their economy should not preclude them from parish relief in case of sickness or want of employment; and a comfortable addition at home to the family Christmas dinner was to finish the year's account. These curious proposals were ushered in by a text: “Upon the first day of the week, let every one of you lay by him in store as God hath prospered him.” The peasantry of the parish readily embraced the offer, and during the first season, sixty subscribers brought their weekly savings with great regularity;

none depositing less than sixpence, and the greater number one shilling, each.

The next institution of this kind, and one more nearly resembling the present Savings' Bank, was called the Charitable Bank, and was founded at Tottenham. This was in 1804; but it may be said to have originated in the success of a little bank for children's savings, which was opened at Tottenham so early as the year 1798. The Tottenham bank in 1804, was begun for the express purpose of providing a safe and profitable place of deposit for the savings of labourers, servants, &c., and opened once a month for receipt and payment. The books were at first kept by a lady; six wealthy individuals were appointed trustees, each to receive an equal part of the sums deposited, and each to be responsible to the amount of 100*l.* for the repayment of the principal with interest. Any sum above one shilling was received; and, to encourage perseverance, interest at 5 per cent was allowed for every twenty shillings that had remained a year in the hands of the trustees. The next attempt was made at Bath in 1808, where a society was formed for receiving and allowing interest at 4 per cent for the savings of industrious and respectable servants; no depositor being allowed to lodge more than 50*l.*, and the greatest amount of the sums received collectively being limited to 2,000*l.*

Nevertheless, no plan of a Savings' Bank was devised for general use until the year 1810, when a Mr. Henry Duncan proposed that the gentlemen of Dumfriesshire should establish banks for savings in the different parishes of that county. His plan did not excite much attention, until he showed its practical worth by establishing such a bank in his own parish of Ruthwell. Thus, unwilling as we are to deny Englishmen the credit of first forming a Savings' Bank, we are bound to accord that credit to the characteristic economy of the people of Scotland. The example was set in our country, but slightly regarded, and it remained for Scottish thrift to establish what the English only suggested. The Ruthwell bank must be considered the parent society, for it was the first of the kind which was regularly and minutely organized and brought before the public; but the Charitable bank at Tottenham was the original society, if we except the benevolent attempt at Wendover.

One great advantage of a Savings' Bank is, that it holds out to the lower classes, fixed advantages, and preserves their little property from that fluctuation of value to which the public funds are liable. Lastly, the establishment of these banks has been more diligently followed up in Scotland than in England. In our rural districts such opportunities for accumulating savings have been wanted, especially since the failures of so many country banks in 1825.

## CURIOUS PENANCES.

ELIANOR COBHAM, Duchess of Gloucester, being condemned, in the year 1441, to do public penance, she came from Westminster, on Monday, the 13th of November, by water, and landed at the Temple Bridge, from whence, with a taper of waxe, (says Stowe,) of two pound, in hir hande, she went through Fleete streete, hoodlesse, (save a kercheffe,) to Paul's, where she offered her taper at the high altar. On the Wednesday next, she landed at the Swan, in Thames-street, and went through Bridge-street, Gracechurch-street, straight to Leaden Hall, and so to Christ Church, by Aldgate. On Friday, she landed at Queen Hive, and so went through Cheape to St. Michael's, in Cornhill, in forme aforesaid: at which times, the Maior, Sherifes, and Crafts of London, received her and accompanied her.

Jane Shore was put to penance, (through the Protector,) by the Bishop of London, by going before the Crosse in procession upon a Sunday, with a taper in hir hand. In which she went, (says Stowe,) in countenance and pace demure so womanly, and albeit, she were out of all array, save her kirtle only, yet were she so fair and lovely, namely, while the wondering of the people cast a comely rud on her cheekes, (of which she before had most misse,) that hir great shame was hir much praise, among those that were more amorous of hir body then curious of hir soul. And many good folke also, that hated hir living, and glad were to see sinne converted, yet pitied they more hir penance than rejoiced therein, when they considered that the Protector procured it more of a corrupt intent than any virtuous purpose.—*Stowe's Annals.*

Pennant, in relation to the above penance, says: "Before this Cross, (St. Paul's,) in 1483, was brought, divested of all her splendour, Jane Shore, the charitable, the merry concubine of Edward IV., and, after his death, of his favourite, the unfortunate Lord Hastings. After the loss of her protectors, she fell a victim to the malice of crooked-backed Richard. He was disappointed (by her excellent defence,) of convicting her of witchcraft, and confederating with her lover to destroy him. He then attacked her on the weak side of her frailty. This was undeniable. He consigned her to the severity of the church: she was carried to the Bishop's palace, clothed in a white sheet with a taper in her hand, and from thence conducted to the cathedral and the Cross, before which she made a confession of her only fault. Every other virtue bloomed in this ill-fated fair with the fullest vigour. She could not resist the solicitations of a youthful monarch, the handsomest man of his time. On his death, she was reduced to necessity, scorned

by the world, and cast off by her husband, with whom she was paired in her childish years, and forced to fling herself into the arms of Hastings.

"The tale of her being denied all sustenance, and of her perishing with hunger, was not the fact. She lived to a great age, but in great distress and miserable poverty; deserted even by those to whom she had, during prosperity, done the most essential services. She dragged a wretched life, even to the time of Sir Thomas More, who introduces her story into his life of Edward V. The beauty of her person is thus described by Holinshed: 'Proper she was, and faire: nothing in hir bodie that you would have changed; but you would have wished hir somewhat higher. Thus saie they that knew hir in hir youth. Now she is old, lean, withered, and dried up; nothing left but rivelled skin and hard bone; and yet, being even such, who so well advise her visage, might gesse and devise, which parts, how filled, would make it a faire face.'" P. T. W.

### Retrospective Gleanings.

#### KING ARTHUR AND HIS ROUND TABLE.

[The following Extract, furnished by an obliging and indefatigable Correspondent, is interesting in connexion with the superb hippodrama, now performing at Drury-lane Theatre, as *theatrum tenens*, for a Christmas pantomime.]

This curious document respecting King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table, so celebrated in the annals of romance, and so frequently believed by many to have had no existence save in the imagination of the poets, may not prove unacceptable to some of the many readers of the *Mirror*. It is transcribed from Clark's *History of Knighthood*, the erudite and industrious author of which, (a learned antiquarian and herald,) has consulted in its compilation some of the best of our old historians, and this we conceive to be a sufficient guarantee for its authenticity:—

"Arthur, King of the Britons, succeeded his father, Uther Pendragon, who was brother to Aurelius Ambrosius, and third son of Constantine; he married Igrer, duchess of Cornwall, by whom he had this son Arthur, (born at Tindagal in Cornwall,) who was the eleventh king of England from the departure of the Romans, and was crowned about the year 516.

"King Arthur, having expelled the Saxons out of England, conquered Norway, Scotland, and the greatest part of France, (where at Paris he was crowned;) and returning home, lived in so great renown, that many princes and knights came from all parts to his court, to give proof of their valour in the exercise of arms. Upon this, he erected a fraternity

of knights, which consisted of four-and-twenty, of whom he was the chief; and for the avoiding of controversies about precedence, he caused a round table to be made, from whence they were denominated Knights of the Round Table. The said table hangs up, according to tradition, in the Castle of Winchester, where they used to meet; and the time of their meeting was at Whitsuntide.

"None were admitted but those who made sufficient proofs of their valour and dexterity in arms. They were to be always well armed for horse or foot; they were to protect and defend widows, maidens, and children, relieve the distressed, maintain the Christian faith, contribute to the church, to protect pilgrims, advance honour, and suppress vice; to bury soldiers that wanted sepulchres, to ransom captives, deliver prisoners, and administer to the care of wounded soldiers, hurt in the service of their country; to record all noble enterprises, that the fame thereof might ever live to their honour, and the renown of the noble order.

"That upon any complaint made to the King of injury or oppression, one of these knights whom the King should appoint, was to avenge the same. If any foreign knight came to court, with desire to show his prowess, some one of these knights was to be ready in arms to answer him. If any lady, gentlewoman, or of other oppressed and injured person, did present a petition declaring the same, whether the injury was done here or beyond sea, he or she should be graciously heard, and, without delay, one or more knights should be sent to take revenge. Every knight, for the advancement of chivalry, should be ready to inform and instruct young lords and gentlemen in the exercises of arms.

"According to Gwillim, there was no robe or habit prescribed unto these knights, nor could he find with what ceremony they were made; neither what offices did belong unto the said order, except a register to record their noble enterprises."

Then follows from Favine, lib. v. p. 97:—  
*A List of the Knights of the Round Table.*

#### THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Arthur, King of Great Britain	The King of Clare
Galahad	The Duke of Clarence
Perceval	Hector de Marests
Lancelot	Blioberis
Gawaine	Gueriet
Boors	Keux le Seneschal
Lyonnel	Yrien, son of King Vrian
Helias le Blanc	Brunor the Black
The King Baudemagn	Bedouier the Constable
King Ydler	Aglonal
King Rions	Sciurades
King Karados	Patrides

#### SECOND CHAPTER.

Hery de Rivel	Girfet
Escalor the Disguised	Osevain with the Hardy
Saphar Vaire	Heart

Sagrenor  
Agravaïn the Proud  
Gueheres  
Norder  
Yvain with the white  
hands  
Dodinel the Wild  
Yvan the Bastard

Wallis Gawain  
Guiret de Lambale  
Mador of the Porte  
Daniers  
Dianadan  
Heret, son of du Lake  
Arthur the Less  
Ginglain

## THIRD CHAPTER.

Arthur, Ly Bleys, or the  
Stammerer  
Calogrenant  
Brandelis  
Merengis de Yours  
Gorvain  
Bardius  
Pharan the Black

Pharan the Red  
Reux des Irans  
Laubegues  
Chanlas  
Abandain  
Damatha de Visafaluont  
Amant the fair Joustier  
Gavenor the Black

## FOURTH CHAPTER.

Arpin the Duke  
Acoustant  
Jaunal  
Sivados  
The Goodly Coward  
The Deformed Valiant  
Melanderis  
Mauderin  
Andelis  
Bruiant des Isles  
Ozeuot d'Estranger  
The Good Knight Descor  
The Varlet au Cerele

Kasnos  
Billiris  
The Varlet de Guine  
Herrois  
Fergus  
Lot the Valiant  
Meliadus the Spy, or  
Scout  
Meliadus the Black  
Aiglus des baux  
Lanbrock  
Lucan the Butler

## FIFTH CHAPTER.

King Galegantis of Nor-  
way  
King Augustiant of Scot-  
land  
Brunor of the Fountain  
The Enfant du Plessis  
King Malaquin of beyond  
the marches of Galouna  
Percides  
Claart the Younger  
Sibilias with the Hard  
Hands

Sivados the Thunderer  
Arphaxad the Gross  
Sadoch Devencon  
The Lovely Amorous  
Malios of the Thoru  
Argvoier the Angrie  
Patrides of the Golden  
Circle  
Manduis the Scornier  
Gringalais the Strong

## SIXTH CHAPTER.

Malaquin the Gaul  
Agrior the Old Gamester  
Galindes of the Hillock  
Margondes  
Kerdus  
Nabon  
Chalamor the Well-  
wisher  
Alibel the Forsaken

Dalides  
Haran of the Pine  
Arganor the Rich  
Melios  
Melindus the White  
Knight  
The Ancient Knight of  
the Hollow Deepes  
Malaquin the Gross

## SEVENTH CHAPTER.

Argahaist the bold Bri-  
taine  
Normains the Pilgrim  
Harvin the Unwieldy  
Thoscans the Roman  
Ferandon the Poor  
Randon the Light, or  
Nimble  
The Strong always found  
The Fortunate Knight of  
the Isles

The lost Black Knight  
Dirant of the Rock  
The Fairy for Ladies  
The Forester  
The Huntsman  
The Man of Ireland  
The Brown without Joy  
Geffrey the Stout  
Randon, called the Percie  
Foyadus the Gallant

## THE EIGHTH AND

Rousteline of the High  
Mountain  
Courant of the Hard  
Rock  
Armont of the Green  
Serpent  
Ferrant of the Hill  
Corli the son of Ares  
Busterine the Great  
Lydeux the Strong  
Soline of the Wood  
The Knight of the Seven  
Ways

## LAST CHAPTER.

Broadas  
The Knight attired in  
scarlet  
The Huntsman beyond  
the Marches  
Hescalon the Hardy  
Marandon of the River  
Sacuarbin  
Dezier the Fierce  
Abilem of the Desert  
Foelix the Fortunate  
Searcher

M. L. B.

## The Sketch Book.

## THE OLD HALL.

THREE hundred times have the yellow leaves of November shed their faded hues round the old Hall at H—, and each revolving spring since the days of the eighth Henry, has that reviving season, "veil'd in a shower of shadowing roses," opened her buds and blossoms round it. I saw it the other day for the last time previous to its demolition. The chilly gleams of a November sun were taking a cold farewell of its faded glories. All around breathed of a past age—the terraced gardens, with broken flights of steps leading to ruined summer houses, with richly carved roofs, through which the "rents of ruin," let in glimpses of the sky, and the surrounding woods—the music-room on a mount thickly begirt with trees, having once been a light and elegant structure, all silent now, the winds are the only musicians remaining! And the Hall itself—with its tall chimneys, gabled front, and narrow windows; broken gateways standing open, a mockery on former hospitality—

Tho' raves the gust and floods the rain,  
No hand will close that gate again!

The tapestried chamber, fraught with many a "legend old,"—the dark, oaken walls of the great room, hung with pictures of those whose place "shall know them no more," who greet you with life-like eyes "wanting speculation." Alas! and alas, for earthly fame: how loved, how honoured once, what avails it now? they are gathered to that silent house, where "none have saluted, and none have replied!"

The village church is a beautiful object from the Hall. There, the several remains of the ancient and respected family who once inhabited the mansion, have each their monumental stone, setting forth the piety, loyalty, and worth, which have been, like vulgar dust, deposited in the place appointed for all living. There hath been for many a year the recumbent knight, "saying endless prayers in stone," the dusky wing of Time having obliterated his epitaph, and left you to conjecture whether Sir Tristram or Sir Launcelot there repose. But the true-hearted loyalty of the good gentry of days departed, is best displayed in a record engraven on stone, and inserted under the church clock, purporting that faithful monitor to have been put up by a former resident at the Hall, "in memory of that time when it pleased God to deliver this kingdom from a Popish Pretender, and to prosper the arms of William, Duke of Cumberland at the battle of Culloden, in 1745;" and enjoining the children of future time, to bear this signal blessing in grateful remembrance whenever they hear the clock strike!

How fleeting are all things! ninety years



have rolled by, and the good old clock continues to note the swift-winged hours in their silent course; but the moral intended to be conveyed by its tones of gratitude to God, and honour to the King, it has now little power in conveying. To the "dull, cold ear of death" alone, can those sounds be redolent of Culloden and the fall of the Stuart. Yet, how admirable was the zeal which so displayed its honest love. Imagination wanders to ninety years ago, and pictures the bright morning when the ceremonial was performed, and the ringing of bells announced the putting up of the clock; the gentry dispensing smiles and good cheer on the rejoicing villagers; how the pretty music-room in the old grove echoed with songs composed for the occasion, breathed from the rosy lips of the stately dames of the day, with high heads, long waists, and embroidered aprons! and how the terraces were thronged with gentlemen in flowing wigs and frilled wrists. How gay was the bearing of the liveried servants, gliding on their different errands—what a buzz of gratulation amongst the stately party on the late deliverance—what speculations on the present hiding-place of the royal fugitive, mixed with mournful mention of those who had fallen in the struggle; with pitying comments on those unhappy ones who were in duration vile for espousing the lost one's cause.

But, hark! the clock strikes, and the sound reverberating from the walls of the old mansion, dies solemnly away on the leafless woods; along with its mournful echoes vanish the party conjured up by imagination as filling this scene of desolation in the grey distance of ninety years ago! ANNE R—.

*Kirton-Lindsey.*

## Manners and Customs.

### THE GIMMAL RING.

THE following remarks on the Gimmel Ring, by Robert Smith, Esq., F. R. S., are given in a letter, dated December, 1800, addressed to the Rev. Mr. Brand, secretary to the Society of Antiquaries:—"I have the pleasure to exhibit to the Society a curious Gimmel Gemmow Ring, which was dug up, a few months ago, by the workmen employed on some buildings belonging to George Shepley, Esq., at Horselydown, in Surrey. It was discovered about eight or nine feet below the surface of the earth, in what is called made-ground, but which appeared to have lain undisturbed for a considerable length of time. Other rings, and many ancient copper coins and medals, both Roman and English, were found near the same spot.

"This ring is constructed, as the name imports, of twin or double hoops, which play one within another, like the links of a chain.

Each hoop has one of its sides flat, the other convex; each is twisted once round, and each surmounted by a hand, issuing from an embossed fancy-work wrist or sleeve; the hand rising somewhat above the circle, and extending in the same direction. The course of the twist in each hoop, is made to correspond with that of its counterpart, so that on bringing together the flat surfaces of the hoops, the latter immediately unite in one ring. On the lower hand, or that of which the palm is uppermost, is represented a heart; and, as the hoops close, the hands slide into contract, form, with their ornamented wrists, a head to the whole. The device thus presents a triple emblem of love, fidelity, and union. Upon the flat sides of the hoops are engraven 'Usé de Vertu,' in Roman capitals; and, on the inside of the lower wrist, the figures '990.' The whole is of fine gold, and weighs two pennyweights four grains.

"It is of foreign workmanship, probably French, and appears to be of no great antiquity; perhaps about the reign of our Queen Elizabeth: for though the time of the introduction into Europe of the Arabic numerals be referred by some to an era nearly corresponding with the figures on the ring, the better opinion seems to be, that the Arabian method of notation was unknown to the Europeans until about the middle of the thirteenth century. I conjecture, therefore, that the figures were meant to express, not a date, but the artist's number; such as we see still engraven on watches. The workmanship is not incurious; and as the ring furnishes a genuine specimen of the gimmel, I presume to offer it to the notice of the Society.

"Rings, it is well known, are of great antiquity; and, in the early ages of the world, denoted authority and government. These were communicated, symbolically, by the delivery of a ring to the person on whom they were meant to be conferred. Thus Pharaoh, when he committed the government of Egypt to Joseph, took the ring from his finger and gave it to Joseph, as a token of the authority with which he invested him. So also did Ahasuerus to his favourite Haman, and to Mordecai, who succeeded him in his dignity.

"In conformity to this ancient usage, recorded in the Bible, the Christian church afterwards adopted the ceremony of the ring in marriage, as a symbol of the authority which the husband gave the wife over his household, and over the 'earthly goods' with which he endowed her.

"But the gimmel ring is comparatively of modern date. It would seem that we are indebted for the design to the ingenious fancies of our Gallic neighbours, whose skill in diversifying the symbols of the tender passion has continued unrivalled, and in the language of whose country the mottoes em-



Stockwell Grammar School-room. See page 2.

ployed on almost all the amorous trifles are still to be found. And it must be allowed that the double hoop, each apparently free yet inseparable, both formed for uniting, and complete only in their union, affords a not unapt representation of the married state.

"Among the numerous love tokens which lovers have presented to their mistresses, in all ages, the ring bears a conspicuous part; nor is any more likely than the gimmel to 'steal the impression of a mistress' fantasy,' as none so clearly expresses its errand. In the *Midsummer Night's Dream* of Shakspeare, where Egeus accuses Lysander, before the Duke, of having inveigled his daughter's affections, or, as the old man expresses it, 'witch'd the bosom of his child,' he exclaims 'Thou hast given her rhimes, And interchang'd love-tokens with my child: Thou hast, by moonlight, at her window sung, With feigning voice, verses of feigning love; And stol'n the impression of her fantasie, With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gawds, conceits.'

"From a simple love-token, the gimmel was at length converted into the more serious *sponsalium annulus*, or ring of affiance. The lover putting his finger through one of the hoops, and his mistress hers through the other, were thus, symbolically, yoked together; a yoke which neither could be said wholly to wear, one half being allotted to the other.

"And in this use of the gimmel, may be seen typified, a community of interests, mutual forbearance, and a participation of authority.

"The French term for it is *foi*, or alliance; which latter word, in the *Dictionnaire de Trevoux*, is defined '*baguette ou jonc que l'accordé donne à son accordée où il y a un fil d'or, et un fil d'argent.*' This definition not only shows the occasion of its use, but supposes the two hoops to be composed, one of gold the other of silver; a distinction evidently meant to characterize the bridegroom and bride. Thus, Columella calls those vines which produce two different sorts of grapes, *Gemella vites*.

"Our English glossaries afford but little information on the subject. Minshew refers the reader from gimmel to gemow; the former he derives from *gemellus*, the latter from the French *jumeau*; and he explains the gemow ring to signify 'double, or twinned, because they be rings with two or more links.' Neither of the words is in Junius. Skinner and Ainsworth deduce gimmel from the same Latin origin, and suppose it to be used only of something consisting of correspondent parts, or double. Dr. Johnson gives it a more extensive signification; he explains gimmel to mean, 'some little quaint devices, or pieces of machinery,' and refers to Hammer: but he inclines to think the name gradually corrupted from geometry or geometrical, because, says he, "any thing done by occult means is vulgarly said to be done by geometry."

"The word is not in Chaucer, nor in Spenser; yet both Blount in his *Glosso-*



graphy, and Phillips, in his *World of Words* have geminals, which they interpret twins.

"Shakspeare has gimmal in two or three places; though none of the commentators seem thoroughly to understand the term. The most striking passage is that in *The Midsummer Night's Dream*, act iv. scene 1. Hermia and Helena, with their lovers, Demetrius and Lysander, having just awaked from the dream which gives name to the play, are relating the changes which they perceived to have taken place in their affections, during sleep, Hermia remarks,

'Methinks, I see these things with parted eye;  
When every thing seems double.'

"Helena seizes the idea which the word double presented, and beautifully expands it, in a manner almost peculiar to the author. Applying it instantly to her lover, Demetrius, who had acted two such different parts that night, that she could hardly even then know whether to count or not upon his love, she replies:

'So methinks;  
And I have found Demetrius like a jewel,  
Mine own, and not mine own.'

"Warburton, perceiving the corruption of the text, in the admission of the word jewel, reads the passage thus:

'And I have found Demetrius like a gemell,  
Mine own, and not mine own.'

"But knowing nothing of the gimmal ring, or not recollecting its use, he derives the emendation from gemellus, a twin, and there stops. Johnson notices the bishop's observation, and adds, 'this emendation is ingenious enough to deserve to be true;' but he proceeds no farther, nor does the late Mr. Steevens, in commenting upon this passage, make any mention of the gimmal ring; which alone can remove the obscurity of the last line, and render the whole intelligible. One half of the gimmal ring, as I before observed, being worn by the lover, the other by his mistress, it might with the strictest truth be predicated, as well of his part as of hers, when either spoke of it,

'it is  
Mine own, and not mine own.'

Or, as the lawyers express the tenure by joint tenancy, they were each 'seised per mie and per tout;' that is, each of each half, and each of the whole, by a unity of title and possession. No other interpretation, in my humble opinion, makes the passage worthy of Shakspeare.

"Gimmal again occurs in *King Henry V.* act iv. scene 2.; where the French lords are proudly scoffing at the condition of the English army Grandpée says:

'The horsemen sit like fixed candlesticks,  
With torch-staves in their hands; and their poor  
jades  
Lob down their heads, dropping the hide and hips  
The gum down-rope from their pale, dead eyes;

And in their pale, dull mouths the gimmal bit  
Lies foul with chaw'd grass, still and motionless.'

"We may understand the gimmal bit, therefore, to mean either a double bit, in the ordinary sense of the word, (duplex,) or, which is more appropriate, a bit composed of links, playing one within another (gemellus).

"The last passage which I shall notice, is, that in the first part of *King Henry VI.*, act i. scene 2., in which gimmal seems to carry the broad signification assigned to it by Dr. Johnson. In the scene before Orleans, after the French had been beaten back with great loss, Charles and his lords are concerting together the farther measures to be pursued. The king says:

'Let's leave this town, for they are hair-brain'd  
slaves,

And hunger will enforce them to be more eager:  
Of old I know them; rather with their teeth  
The walls they'll tear down, than forsake the siege.'

"To which Reignier subjoins:

'I think, by some odd gimmals or devise,  
Their arms are set, like clocks, still to strike on;  
Else they could ne'er hold out so, as they do.  
By my consent we'll e'en let them alone.'

"Some of the commentators have the following note upon this passage: "A gimmal is a piece of jointed work, where one piece moves within another; whence it is taken at large for an engine. It is now vulgarly called gimcrack."

"And in Ainsworth's Thesaurus, the Latin given for gimmal, or gimmer, is *machina quædam*; without mentioning of what kind."  
W. G. C.

#### ANCIENT MUMMING.

IN 1377, a mummery was made by the citizens of London, for disport of the young Prince Richard, son of Edward the Black Prince; the following account of which is given by an old writer:—

"On the Sunday before Candlemass, in the night, one hundred and thirty citizens, disguised and well horsed, in a mummery, with sound of trumpets, sackbuts, cornets, shalmes, and other minstrels, and innumerable torch-lights of wax, rode from Newgate through Cheap over the bridge, through Southwark and so to Kennington, besides Lambeth, where the young prince remained with his mother, and the Duke of Lancaster, his uncle, the Earls of Cambridge, Hertford, Warwick, and Suffolk, with divers other lords. In the first rank did ride forty-eight in likeness and habit of esquires, two and two together, clothed in red coats and gowns of say or sendal, with comely vizors on their faces. These maskers, after they had entered the manor of Kennington, alighted from the horses, and entered the hall on foot; which done, the Prince, his mother, and the lords, came out of the hall, whom the mummerys did salute, shewing, by a pair of dice on the table, their desire to play with the

Prince, which they so handled that the Prince did always win, when he came to cast at them. Then the mummers set to the Prince three jewels, one after another, which were, a bowl of gold, a cup of gold, and a ring of gold, which the Prince won at three casts. Then they set to the Prince's mother, the duke, the earls, and other lords, to every one a ring of gold, which they did also win. After which they were feasted, and the music sounded; the Prince and lords danced on the one part, with the mummers who did also dance; which jollity being ended, they were again made to drink, and then departed in order as they came."

W. G. C.

### The Rabelist.

#### THE COURT BEAUTY.

[HERE is one of the most touching episodes in Miss Landon's *Francesca Carrara*. It relates the story of Mlle. d'Epèrnon, one of the most brilliant beauties of Paris in the reign of Louis XIV., and one whose destiny promised to be as brilliant as herself. The crown of Poland was offered for her acceptance, when she announced her intention of retiring from the world. Prayer and remonstrance were alike in vain; and she took the veil before she was nineteen. Francesca visits the monastic seclusion of this court beauty, and listens to the narrative of d'Epèrnon's fortunes, as follow:—]

I can scarcely, (said the nun, as she complied with Francesca's request that she would trace the progress of the change, seemingly so strange and sudden, which sent the youthful beauty from the court to the cloister,) recall one sorrow or one disappointment in my earlier life. I had good health, a gay temper, and was surrounded by indulgence and affection,—from my father, of whom I was the darling plaything, to my nurse, whose principal object in existence was myself.

The court was at its very gayest, when, on our return from England, my age allowed me to participate in festivities which were the order of the day. The sombre austerity of the late King had disappeared with himself; the dissensions whose echoes have pierced even these walls, had not then commenced. There was some truth in the flattery which said that the Queen ruled all France with a smile. But the pleasantest time of our life leaves the lightest impression; or perhaps one deep feeling has absorbed all memory, as it has destroyed all hope. I am astonished to think how little I remember of all the light fancies and vanities which made the delight of my first two years at court.

Perhaps you have heard that there was once some purpose of marriage between the Duc de Joyeuse and myself; it is of that which I have to tell. Even in my brief ex-

perience of society, you must have discovered that its success has its chances. There are some evenings when you succeed, you scarcely know why, and the homage of one seems only to attract that of another. It was on such an evening that I first met the Duc de Joyeuse. I danced with him, and he scarcely spoke to me; perhaps the contrast had its effect, for that night my silent cavalier was the only one who obtained a second thought. I felt a vague desire to see him again; I wondered whether he was always so reserved; I endeavoured to recall the few words which he had said; and rose the next morning eager and impatient, expecting I knew not what. How long the morning seemed! I scarcely heard a word that was said to me; I could keep my attention to nothing. I went to a ball in the evening. My eyes fixed involuntarily on the door; every one seemed to enter excepting the one whom I could not help anticipating in every new arrival. I danced without spirit; I found the evening wearisome; I complained of fatigue; and I retired to rest with a discontent and a despondency entirely new to my experience.

Mademoiselle de Montpensier was at that time my most intimate friend; and the next morning she entered my chamber before I had risen, a slight headach serving as an excuse. "As usual," said she, laughing, "I am come to tell you of your conquests. I was at Madame de Guise's yesterday evening, and her youngest son could talk of nothing but Mademoiselle d'Epèrnon." "Why, he scarcely spoke to me!" "Speaking of you," replied my companion, "is far more expressive: but you are actually blushing about it; I do verily believe it is a mutual impression."

My mother entered my room at that moment; but mademoiselle went on rallying, and it seemed to me that the subject was not disagreeable even to her. Alas, how that thought encouraged my own weakness! The truth was, that an alliance between the houses of Guise and Epèrnon was at that time deemed equally suitable by both. How little can the very young comprehend the affections being made matter of policy! I discovered that my headach was gone with a surprising degree of rapidity; I arose with such gay spirits, I found the liveliest pleasure in all my usual occupations. True, I did not continue long at any of them, and every now and then lost myself in such a delicious reverie of the coming evening.

It was not quite so delightful as I expected; for shame and confusion for the first hour of the Duc de Joyeuse's presence made me scarce conscious of what I said or how I looked; and during the last I could think of nothing but how silly I must appear to him. Still, with what a happy flutter of

the heart I flung myself into my fauteuil that night, to think over the events of the evening!

Time passed on, and François became my avowed lover. About two months after our first meeting, I was taken ill, and of the small-pox. The holy saints forgive me for the horror with which I heard my disease pronounced! I prayed in my inmost soul that I might die rather than become unlovely in his sight: I have been justly punished. With what a strange mixture of joy and dread did I hear his voice, almost hourly in the antechamber, making the most anxious inquiries! Others shunned the poisoned atmosphere, but François feared it not. What prayers I implored them to make in my name that he would refrain from such visits.

One day he came not; I was told, and truly, that business the most imperative required his personal attendance; yet I could not force the ghastly terror of his illness from my mind. I dared not tempt my fate by content; the agony which I suffered seemed a sort of expiation. The next day I heard his voice, and fainted. Francesca, it is an awful thing thus to allow your destiny to be bound up in that of another—to live but by the beatings of another's heart,—thus, as it were, to double your portion in every risk and weakness of humanity.

I cannot describe to you the mixture of anxiety and shame with which I desired to know how I looked. One morning, while alone with my mother, I asked her to bring me a little mirror that was wont to lie on the table; she smiled, and said, "Not yet, Louise." I never felt one moment's care after that: I knew that she could not have smiled, had she anticipated any very terrible alteration. At length I was able to rise—to move from one chamber to another, and, at last, to see François. Do you wonder I cannot bear flowers, when I tell you that he used to bring them to me every day? I was too happy: earth, in its perfect enjoyment, had no thought for heaven. Life is but a trial; and wherefore was I to receive my reward before the time?

Soon after my recovery, Mademoiselle de Guise appeared to seek my friendship more than she had before done. How willingly I met her advances!—I loved François too well not to love those connected with him. Yet her friendship disturbed our intercourse; she was constantly interrupting our conversations, and I found myself perpetually engaged in a whispering dialogue, from which François was completely excluded. She possessed a peculiar talent for placing every body in their worst possible light; I felt that I never appeared to advantage in her presence. She drew from you some playful opinion, and then, suddenly repeating your words seriously, would, by

some imperceptible change, contrive to make your expression appear the unconscious betrayal of some strangely unamiable feeling. Mademoiselle de Montpensier warned me against her treachery. "She hates you," said my friend; "you give into her snares, and will be surprised when you find they have succeeded." I little heeded this warning—it is so difficult for the young to believe themselves hated without a cause!

A few weeks after my illness we went to Sedan. A thousand slight anxieties and difficulties, contrived by Mademoiselle de Guise, had kept me in a perpetual fever; my health was sinking under them—and change of air and scene always seem such infallible remedies where the pale cheek is considered, and not the harassed spirits. Indeed, the persecution under which I suffered was one not easily to be told in words; I had not then thought over it as I have done since. The journey, therefore, was principally undertaken on my account; but, once at Sedan, and some affairs of my father's detained us beyond the time that had been expected.

Long as our absence appeared, it ended in our return to Paris. One—two—three days elapsed, and François never came; yet he knew of our arrival, and was only separated from us by a street. The fourth day brought Mademoiselle de Montpensier. She laughed and recalling her former warning, asked me, "Who was right?" and informed me that the Duc de Joyeuse was now the devoted attendant of Mademoiselle Guerchy; and she ended in being quite angry with me for not seeming so utterly overwhelmed as she expected. There were two causes for this; first, and that indeed was chief, in my secret soul I disbelieved what she asserted; and secondly, I felt so angry with her want of sympathy.

But her assertion soon proved its truth. That very evening I met both the Duc de Joyeuse and Mademoiselle Guerchy; a slight embarrassment on his part, a little air of triumphant impertinence on hers, and an affected but insolent commiseration from Mademoiselle de Guise, told the whole. Francesca, I have heard my father say, that the shock of a gun-wound at first deadens the pain, and the suffering is lost in the shock. Mine was such a case; it was confusion, not pride, which supported me through the evening. When we were in the carriage, my mother put her arm round me and said, "I am charmed with your conduct, my child; you treated *cet jeune insolent* with fitting disdain." A sudden resolution grew up in my heart, and I thought within myself, "My mother shall not be made wretched by my misery;" and, with a strong effort, I restrained the impulse which prompted me to throw myself on her neck and weep.

It is singular how little I recollect of the

succeeding period. My existence was a blank—I neither thought nor felt; a strange impatience actuated all my actions. I longed for change—for movement; I dreaded being left a moment. I craved for pleasures which, nevertheless, I did not enjoy. I grew bitter in my words—I believed the worst of every one; nay, I sometimes doubted the affection of my kind, my indulgent parents. But let me hastily pass over this vain and profitless epoch,—the fierce tempest, and the weary calm, were but the appointed means by which I reached the harbour of faith and rest.

During our stay at Bourdeaux, I accompanied my mother to a little convent, whither had retired an early friend, one who had seen much trouble, and known many sorrows. I was aware of her history, and was singularly struck with her calm and gentle manner. I left the cell, and my chance wandering through the garden led me to the burial-ground. I sat down on one of the graves, at first from very idleness; but the still solemnity of the place gradually impressed my thoughts—the presence of the dead made itself felt. I looked over the numerous tombstones, so various in their dates,—the maiden reposed by the full of years;—all bore the same inscription—“*Requiescat in pace.*” I had before seen the words—I had never before reflected on them. What was this peace? I felt that it was the peace of hope, as well as of rest. It was not only that the turmoil of this feverish life was at an end, but that such end was only the beginning. I saw the sunshine falling over the tombs—to me it seemed like the blessing of Heaven made visible. It so happened that the place where I sat was the only one in shadow: to my excited feelings the darkness was emblematic. I stepped forth into the glorious sunshine, and prayed that even as that light illumined my mortal frame, so might the Divine grace illumine my soul! From that instant I vowed myself unto God. I know, Francesca, that you consider this but as the ill-regulated enthusiasm of a moment—and such I now confess that it was.

But out of evil worketh good. That enthusiasm led to reflection—that reflection to conviction. I became deeply penetrated with the vanity and the worthlessness of my former life. I looked at its petty cares—its bitter sorrows, and said, “Oh! that I had the wings of the dove, for then would I flee away, and be at rest;” and then I learned that faith had wings even like the dove’s, and that its rest was in heaven. One trial yet remained; but I trusted, in all humility, that the difficulty would make the sacrifice more acceptable. Yet, from day to day, I delayed telling my mother, that in me she saw the dedicated servant of God. Every time I sought her presence I resolved on the disclosure, but in vain; the words died on

my lips, and again I had to pray for strength from above.

One morning I was summoned at an earlier hour than usual to her chamber. She received me with an expression of rejoicing affection, which showed me she had something more than usually pleasant to unfold. I had scarcely taken my accustomed low seat at her side, when, opening a casket which stood on the table near her, she took out a diamond tiara, and placing it in my hair, pointed to the glass. “Ah, my child!” she exclaimed; “you well become your future crown!” and without waiting for my reply, she informed me that my father’s negotiations for my marriage had been completely successful, and that the King of Poland had demanded my hand.

The time for concealment was over. Supported by a strength not my own, I threw myself at her feet, and avowed my unalterable resolve. That dear mother has since died in my arms, blessing her child, and rejoicing that I had chosen the better path; and yet, even now, I shrink from recalling the suffering of that scene. The cloister then seemed to my beloved parent even as the grave; and, ah! my father’s anger was terrible to bear, for it was an anger that grew out of love.

But if their reproaches cut me to the heart, how much more did I suffer from their entreaties? Yet I persevered even to the end, and was permitted to begin my year of novitiate in the hope that my resolution would falter when put to the trial. They knew not in what entire sincerity it had been taken. I remember a letter of remonstrance I received from Mademoiselle de Montpensier, and, among other arguments, was this: “I implore you to marry the King of Poland, if it were only to mortify Mademoiselle de Guise.” She was little aware that forgiveness of even her enmity had been the earliest offering of my heart above.

I have never repented my choice; every hour I have felt my belief more perfect, and my hope more exalted. Had I remained in the world, experience could but have brought me added discontent, and more utter weariness. I had been too profoundly disabused of life’s dearest illusions ever again to allow of their sweet engrossment. Only those who have looked hopelessly upon life, and turned again to the restless and gloomy depths of their own heart with a despair which is as the shadow of the valley of death,—only they can know the peace that is of heaven, and the faith that looks beyond the portals of the grave.

Once only since my abode in this convent, has my heart gone back to the things of its former life; but tenderly, not repiningly. Mademoiselle de Montpensier passed here a week in Lent, and her first intelligence was,

that the Duc de Joyeuse had died of the wounds he had received while leading on a charge of cavalry during a sortie from Paris. He died, too, unmarried. Heaven forgive the weakness which found in that thought sweetest consolation! I was free to remember him—to pray for him—to know that to none other could his memory be precious as it was to me. Perhaps, even now, looking down from another world, better and happier than the one where we go on our way in heaviness, he knows with what truth and constancy I loved him. I now dare hope to meet him again; for, Francesca, what may we not hope from the goodness of God!

### New Books.

#### TOUGH YARNS.

[This is a pocket volume as full of amusement as a Christmas pudding is of sweets. Its author is "the Old Sailor," of whose *Greenwich Hospital* we have some very agreeable reminiscences. The present work contains a host of naval tales and sketches, with a most entertaining sprinkling of those enchaining, riveting narratives termed *yarns*. These are, in part, related to the writer by old tars, at Greenwich Hospital, "the grand depository of human fragments—the snug harbour for docked remnants." Their tone is in every humour—sometimes serious, then comic and extravagant, and anon serio-comic. In the blending of these lights and shadows there is much skill shown, and every page of the book is full of what Deaf Stapleton would call "hooman natur." At this festal moment we will not quote one of the serious pages, but, with our pencil as a distaff, and the wheel of our judgment, re-spin a yarn or two for the reader to smile or laugh at, as his temperament may be.]

#### Land Crabs.

"It's a rum place that West Ingees. I remembers being ashore at one of the resurrections among the niggers, and the ship's corporal stuck his spoon in the wall; because, I'm thinking, it warn't very likely that a fellow would ever sup burgoo again, when his head and his body had parted company. Well, we buried him in a wild kind of a spot, where there was a few grave-stones with names chiselled on 'em, and some were cut with a knife, showing a foul anchor or a rammer and sponge, and the trees grew all over the ground, and the rank grass and weeds run up the tombs; it was a wilderness sort of a place, and here it was that Corporal Jack was laid up in ordinary. The party to which I belonged, was commanded by Mr. Quinton, a master's mate, and our bounds lay within a short distance of this here burying ground; and so, d'ye mind, the morning after they'd lowered the corporal down the hatchway of t'other world, I was posted at

the point next the corporal's berth, and a shipmate was with me by way of companion like,—not that I was afraid of anything living or dead, but I had always a sort of nat'ral antipathy to being left alone on shore, particularly in the dark. There was also a nigger belonging to the plantation, who we allowed to join us just by way of being civil to him, as he was a kind of steward's mate in the house, and used to splice the main brace for us occasionally. Well, messmates, we got knotting our yarns to keep us from getting drowsy; and to cheer our spirits, we overhauled a goodish deal about ghosts, and atomies, and hobblegoblins, and all such like justices of the peace, till the nigger—they called him Hannibal, arter the line-of-battle ship, I suppose;—I say, till the nigger declared that every hair on his head stood as stiff as a crow-bar."

"Avast there!" exclaimed Bill Jennings, "tell that to the marines an you will; why the black fellow's head was woolly and curled like a Flemish fake, and yet you say it was as stiff as a crow-bar."

"And so it was,—the more the wonder," growled the boatswain's mate. "Would you have his honour there think I keep a false reckoning? Well, as I was a saying, his head looked like a black porcupine with his quills up. All at once we heard a tremendous rattling amongst the dry leaves of a plantain-ground; but the trees were too thick to see what it was even if there had been light enough, which there warn't, as the sun hadn't brought his hammock up, but was only just turning out."

"Dere him debbil come agin," cried the nigger; and away he started, as if a nor-wester had kicked him end-ways.

"What's the black rascal arter," said my messmate.

"Nay," says I, "that's more nor I can tell; but not being a Christian and only a poor ignoramus of a nigger, I suppose he's afraid that the noise yonder is Davy Jones playing at single-stick, and mayhap he may think the ould gemman is hauling his wind upon this tack, and may take his black muzzel for one of his imps. But that's a pretty bobberty they're kicking up, at all events, and now it's going in the direction of the burying ground."

"I tell you what it is, Jack," says my messmate, who looked very cautiously round him, as if he was rowing guard in an enemy's port, "I tell you what it is; I never thinks they give the devil his due, for between you and me I don't know as he's half so bad as many people makes him out. Our parsons say he's black, but the nigger paints him white; but for my part, I'm thinking that the colour of a ship's paint goes for nothing. Then as for his horns, why they're ugly looking, to be sure; but though they are ugly look-

ing, I never heard of his doing any mischief by running stem on with them. And arter all, shipmate," he continued, "you must own there's a great deal in fancy. Look at your Ingee grab-vessels, that run their noses out to the heel of the jib-boom, and carry all their bowsprit in-board! Now I call that sort o' rig neither ship-shape nor Bristol fashion, for a ship's head is a ship's head, and a ship's bowsprit is a ship's bowsprit; but if they go for to make a standing bowsprit of a ship's head, then, I'm thinking, they are but lubberly rigged."

"Now, messmates, you must own that his arguments was a bit of a poser. But holloa, there's a precious row."

"Precious row, indeed," says my companion; "why Jack—why I'm blessed—look there—if that arn't the skeleton of Corporal Jack walking off with his own head under his arm; then I'm——, but here comes Mr. Quinton and the nigger."

"I did look, messmates, towards the burying ground, and there I saw a sort of long-legged skeleton straddling over the graves like an albatross topping a ground swell; and, sure enough, the corporal's head was under his long, spider-like arms."

"Dere, Massa Quinekem," said the black fellow, "now he see 'em for he-self."

"By Jove, and so it is, boy," cried the officer.

"Ay, ay, sir," says my messmate, "it's the corporal—there's no mistaking his cut-water; but he must have fallen away mightily during the night, to be so scantily provided with flesh this morning; howsoever, mayhap the climate has melted him down."

"He no melt 'em," cried the nigger, "he eat 'em for true."

"What! eat his own head," says I, "he must be in dreadful want of a meal. Come, come, ould chap, that's too heavy to be hoisted in."

"Well, all this while the skeleton was walking off with his head in his arms, just as a nurse would carry a baby; but the officer raises his rifle to his shoulder, and it made me laugh to think he was going to shoot a skeleton without a head, and that was as dead as Adam's grandmother."

"For goodness sake, sir," says my messmate, "don't go for to fire, for it would be downright blasphemy to kill a dead body; and what makes the fellow turn out of his hammock after being lashed up for a full due, I can't tell."

"Bang went the rifle, and down dropped the corporal's atomy; but up it got again almost directly and made sail for the bush, leaving his head behind to lighten ship. Off starts the black fellow after him, and away went the officer close to his heels. 'My eyes, shipmate,' says I, 'there must be some sport in chasing a skeleton; so e'en let's keep in

their wakes and see it out.' So off we set, and presently bang went the rifle again, and away flew the corporal's splinters; so the skeleton gathers himself up, and then laid down on the ground, kicking and sprawling like a bull-whale in his flurry. Well, we ran up and there we found,—now what do you think, messmates? Why, it was nothing more nor less than a large land-crab, that was walking away with the corporal's head as easy as I'd carry a cocoa-nut."

"Them land-crabs have a power of strength," said old Darby. "I recollects one night being beached high and dry in the small cutter, and I boat-keeper; so I catches one of these beasts, and claps him under the bows of the boat, whilst I made fast the painter to his hind leg, and then away he stretched out for the water, dragging the cutter with him as if it had been no more than a mouldy biscuit, and if I hadn't cut the painter pretty smartly, he'd have towed us out to sea in no time."

"The legs of these crabs must be very long," said I; "are their bodies in proportion?"

"Why no, your honour," replied the boat-swain's mate; "their bodies are but small, seeing that they are all ribs and trucks; but their claws are tremendous. What d'ye think of their reaching up to the top of a gibbet, and having unhooked a pirate that was hung in chains, walked off with him, hoops and all, so that he never was found again!"

"If it really happened," I replied, "it is truly astonishing."

"Really happened!" cried the veteran, somewhat scornfully. "Ax them as was watching down at Cabrita-point that night, and see if they won't swear to it."

"Perhaps it was some of the friends of the pirate who removed the body," I ventured to suggest.

"Now that comes of your honour's not knowing nothing of the country," he rejoined; "for d'ye mind, all the rogue's friends were thieves, and if it had been any of them, they'd not only have carried off the body, but would have stole the gibbet for fire-wood, which a land-crab has no manner of use for."

This certainly was unanswerable, and I forbore asking any more questions on that subject.

[From a chapter of ghost yarns is the following.]

#### Uncle Joey.

The next trial of my nervous system was at Sierra Leone. I was then in a frigate, and as fears were entertained that the French were about to make a descent upon some part of the settlement, (a French squadron having been seen hovering off the coast,) the free negroes were armed and enrolled as volunteers. To effect this at a village about



six miles in the interior, I was despatched with proper orders, and the boat landed me at the nearest point to my place of destination. It was late in the evening before my duty was completed; and as I was particularly desirous to return to the ship and make my report, an officer of the York Rangers lent me a beautiful and spirited horse, which I mounted, though not without a few misgivings, which were much increased when I was jocosely requested not to fall in love with the "ghost" on my road. On the wayside stood a lone and uninhabited house, where a trafficker in human flesh had murdered his wife; and ever since, the lady, or her apparition, had presented herself after dark before the gate. Beyond this house were the remains of a negro village, which, previously to colonization, had been attacked by slave-dealers and burned. The aged inhabitants were massacred, the young were borne to slavery; and now it was asserted that the former visited their old habitations, and called aloud for vengeance to redress their wrongs. Such tales were not calculated to inspire composure; but I strove to laugh at the jokes passed on me, and started off at full speed, declaring that "the ghosts should have a long chase, if they felt inclined to sport."

The empty boast still faltered on my heart and my tremulous hand could scarcely hold the rein, when the house of death, all desolate, appeared in view. Striking the spurs into the sides of the generous animal, he sprang forward on his way, and passed the dreadful spot without my witnessing any thing to excite horror.

Although the moon was up, yet storms were on the wind, and heavy clouds obscured her light. Often in imagination did I hear the shrieks of the slaughtered negroes as they came howling on the gale, whilst I rapidly approached the ruined village which had been the terrific scene of blood. A black cloud, thick with darkness overshadowed the picture, and spread a gloomy wildness over every object. The horse buried his hoofs deep in the sand, and, like an arrow from a bow, continued his fleet career; when, in a moment, he stopped, threw out his forelegs and reared upon his haunches, while steaming foam issued from his nostrils. It was with considerable difficulty that I retained my seat; and as the creature refused to proceed, I rode back a short distance and again made an effort to pursue my direct road, but in vain; the animal stopped at the same spot, and flew from side to side of the highway, nor could the whip and spur urge him to advance.

Several times did I repeat the same attempt; and though a chilling awe crept through my veins and made my blood run cold, yet nothing had presented itself to my

sight, though it was evident that the eyes of the horse were fixed upon something supernaturally terrific.

At length the moon shed her dim light through a fleecy cloud, and then with horror and amazement I beheld the cause of terror; for right in the middle of the road appeared a long, black coffin, and the pale beams of the moon glanced on the white escutcheons fixed on the top. Every feeling of the soul was racked to the extreme; every fibre of the heart was nerved to desperation; and, mustering all my breath, I uttered the great and awful name to which both quick and dead must pay obedience. The lid of the coffin was thrown up,—a figure slowly raised itself and gazed upon me, whilst my whole existence seemed quivering on the verge of eternity. The horse pawed the ground with uncontrolled fury; the howling of the gale seemed more dreadful; when a hollow voice, with distinct utterance, vociferated, "Don't be alarmed, 'tis only Uncle Joey!—So, so, poor fellow! so, so!"

The horse, hearing a well-known sound, became pacified; and then I ascertained that Uncle Joey, a corporal in the newly-raised volunteers, had been to town to fetch an *arm-chest*, which had been made by a carpenter to deposit the muskets in. Having, however, drunk rather freely, he had found himself drowsy on his way back; so getting into the chest (which was painted black with a tin plate on the lid) and shutting himself in, he had enjoyed a comfortable nap, till the snorting of the animal and my shouting brought about his resurrection.

I hardly need say how much my heart was lightened by this explanation, and that I parted with Uncle Joey, and his shell in much better spirits than had attended our meeting.

Since that time I have had occasional returns of panic, but they have gradually diminished, and I am now almost as daring as my late excellent father, and, except during temporary fits of nervous relaxation, care neither for ghost nor goblin; and I trust, that whilst my readers who are parents will keep a watchful eye that servants do not instil pernicious feelings into the breasts of their offspring, my young readers will rest satisfied on the assurance of an old man, that all ghosts are in reality mere Uncle Jokeys.

[The volume is cleverly illustrated by George Cruikshank, with copper etchings, and head and tail pieces spiritedly engraved on wood. All are full of humour and truth. In the frontispiece, the artist has hit the figure of the Greenwich pensioner with excellent effect. Both the above quotations are illustrated, and we hope the entertainment they have afforded the reader may induce him to procure the volume, and thus enjoy what it is not in our power to convey.]

## The Gatherer.

*Sweden*, (says a modern traveller,) is one continued rock of granite, covered with fir: hence, the cottages, which are only one story high, and many of the superior houses, are constructed of wood, the planks of which are let into each other in a layer of moss, and the outside is painted of a red colour; the roof is formed with the bark of the birch, and covered with turf, which generally presents a bed of grass sufficiently high for the scythe of the mower. The floors of the rooms are covered with strips of young fir, which give them the appearance of litter and disorder, and the smell is far from being pleasant. Nothing can be more dreary than winding through the forests, which every now and then present to the weary eye little patches of cleared ground, where firs have been felled by fire, the stumps of which, to a considerable height, are left in the ground, and, at a distance, resemble so many large stones. Inexhaustible abundance of wood induces the peasant to think it labour lost to root them up, and they remain to augment the general dreariness of the scenery. W. G. C.

*Heroic Spirit of Sympathy in a British Officer.*—The following remarkable instance of sympathy is recorded by Chitty, in the preface to his work on medical jurisprudence. During the last war in the Peninsula, a general officer, in his dispatch to government, after an unassuming description of a brilliant victory obtained by him, and the troops under his command, entitled himself even to higher commendation than for his valour, by his pathetic description of the diseased state of the enemy's troops, and his powerful appeal to the consideration of our government, urgently soliciting to be afforded an immediate supply of Peruvian bark, which his experience had taught him was the only medicine to check the baneful disorder; and our government having immediately generously, and in the true spirit of war, complied with such request, that distinguished officer was enabled, in ten days, to save more lives of the enemy, than his troops had destroyed during the battle, and two antecedent years of warfare. C. H.

*Entomological Anecdote.*—Two entomologists were discussing at their breakfasts a point respecting butterflies, when the one declared his opponent knew nothing about them. The one to whom this rude assertion was addressed, bore it calmly. Having occasion, however, for some more butter, he found to his astonishment that his companion had eaten every morsel; on which, pointing to the empty plate, he remarked, "How can you say that I know nothing about them, when even now I find the *butter flies*." J. F.

*Parsley.*—Mrs. Eliza P. Reid, in her *Historical and Literary Botany*, states as follows: "If parsley be rubbed against a glass goblet, it will break it; which is a phenomenon for which we cannot account." (Vol. ii. page 153.)

*Venerable Bede.*—In the curious and rare work entitled the "Golden Legend," imprinted in the year 1527, by the renowned Wynkyn de Worde, is the following legend respecting the formation of an epitaph for the above mentioned celebrated man. "There was a devoute clerke which laboured in his mynde for to make his epitaphy, and in no wyse he could make true metre. Wherefore he went to the church and prayed God to give hym conynnyng to make a true verse; and after, he came to his tombe and sawe there wryten by an aungell

'Hic sunt inforaa  
Bede venerabilis ossa.'

"Then let us praye to this holy man that he may pray to God for us"—a somewhat singular instance of the delusions practised on the credulous in the olden time. C. S.

The following quaint epitaph, dated 1670, is inscribed on a tomb erected to the memory of Robert and Mary Moore and their daughter Frances, in Marnhull churchyard, Dorsetshire:

See what Death with's spade hath done to wee  
Having new planted both bud, branch, and tree.

COLBOURNE.

### Cons. for Naturalists.

Why should a toad in a pit be fit to eat?  
—Because it is toad-in-a-hole.

What bird would a Cockney be most likely to compare a male gull to?—Eagle (he-gull.)

What bird should I name when bawling to Kitty to arouse from sleep?—Kitti-wake.

Why is a day in term like a lark?—It is A-lau-da.

Why, if we intended eating a game-cock at two o'clock, should it follow that we must eat a species of *Plectolophus*?—It would be a cock-a-too (cock at two.)

Why, if I were to desire William to get me a spoon, a razor, and a boat, should I mention three birds?—I should say, get me a spoon-bill, a razor-bill, and a boat-bill.

What serpent is most like a hog?—The boa.

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